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Chauncey C. Peck

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Minneola

AND

The Parson's Rose

POEMS

BASED ON FACTS AND TRADITIONS OF NEW
ENGLAND LIFE, IN THE NEAR AND
REMOTE PAST

BY

CHAUNCEY EDWIN PECK

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Minnola

A Poem

Based on a few of the facts and traditions told in
nearly every New England town, concern-
ing the occupation of that territory by
the Indians, and their subse-
quent sale of the land to
the white men.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE
AUTHOR

The Parson's Rose

A true story of New England life, A. D. 1744

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Explanation

THE land east of the Connecticut River, originally purchased from the Indians by Mr. William Pynchon, within the limits of the present City of Springfield, Mass., extended to the Five Mile Pond, or to about the line of the present Parker street. In or about 1674, Elizur Holyoke and others, purchased from the Indians the land lying easterly of the William Pynchon purchase, to the mountains. "There are many traditions respecting the claim of a blind Indian to the territory of the town of Wilbraham, and of some compensation made to him to liquidate it, and of his reserving certain hunting and fishing rights. An Indian woman lived there for a number of years after the white people came."

(From History of Wilbraham, Mass., published in 1863.)

WIGWAM HILL. This elevation is mentioned in the records of the town of Wilbraham by that name, as early as 1744. "The First church on the Mountains" was commenced there at that date, and finished and used in 1748. The church stood about twenty rods south of the present residence of Henry T. Bolles, and the Minister's house (Rev. Noah Merrick) was about six or eight rods northwest of Mr. Bolles' residence.

WE-SHA-U-GAN, THE NAME OF THE INDIAN WOMAN. Her wigwam, which gave the name to the hill, was near its southern extremity, on the east side of the small stream which divides the hill from the higher ground. She was an occasional visitor at the Minister's, and once, at least, invited him to dine with her. One of his children, accompanied by the mother, remembered to have eaten succotash in the "Old Squaw's Wigwam." (Traditions of the Merrick family.)

WAL-NO-KIM, THE INDIAN POTTER. There have lately been discovered in the town, evidences of the

extensive manufacture of Indian dishes from soap-stone boulders, probably deposited in the glacial period, with dishes in all stages of completion, and many fragments, also the tools of trap-rock used in their manufacture. (Springfield Republican, July 26, 1903.)

It is said that no Indian weapons have been found in that immediate vicinity. It may have been neutral territory.

WAUGH-KE-GAN'S TRAIL. The depression in the hills northeast of the Stone church, including the valley through which flows the Rill of Rubic (or Rubicon). This small stream is supplied with water from two independent sources about one-fourth of a mile apart, one rising near what is known as the "Upper Reservoir" and flowing north until it meets the other flowing south, near the "Lower Reservoir," which I have called "Minneola's Mirror." The "Trail" is now used as a public highway.

"LAKES OF WAL-A-MU-SA." The two bodies of

water, about two miles north of the Stone church, known as Nine Mile and Spectacle Ponds.

WIL-A-MAN-SUS. A young son from far country.

NI-NO-NAH. Waughkegan's Quaboag bride.

WAU-SHU-MAN. The blind Indian who, according to tradition, sold the mountain part of the town to the white men.

About 1885, I found an Indian stone hatchet, a few rods southwest of Minneola's Mirror. There I have located Waugkegan's Wigwam. A stone mortar and other stone implements, now in Wesleyan Academy Museum, were found near. In 1898 and 1899, I found the two stones referred to in the poem about thirty feet apart, near the place where the two streams marry in the Rill of Rubic. They are thought by some to resemble human figures.

In 1890, there were discovered on a hill north of the Stone church, in a triangular position, about twenty feet apart, three Indian fireplaces, two of

which were destroyed before their character was recognized. They were filled with the ashes of many fires.

There is an Indian tradition, that at the burial of one of their race a dove flies over the open grave.

The ancients had a belief that the rainbow formed a bridge on which the spirits of the saved passed over the bottomless abyss into the regions of light beyond this world.

The common superstition about the wet moon and dry moon, is too well known to need any explanation.

These facts, traditions and superstitions, and especially the stone which bears some resemblance to a woman in a sitting posture, have appealed to me for several years to give them expression.

The work has been done during the infrequent pauses in a busy life. It is submitted with the hope that some may enjoy the reading as much as I have enjoyed the writing.

The scene is first laid on Wigwam Hill, then in the valley northeast of the Stone church, because I there found the two stones mentioned, and the stone hatchet.

CHAUNCEY E. PECK.

Wilbraham, Mass., Nov. 1, 1904

The Legend

On the afternoon of a day in mid-autumn, about the year 1745, Nathaniel Hitchcock, the first settler of Wilbraham, stood on Wigwam Hill. His trusty gun was by his side, his well filled bag of game showed that the day's hunt had been a success. He was on his way homeward. Down in the broad western valley at his feet, he had built his house of logs, fifteen years before. Neighbors now there were, but not then. He saw the smoke from the chimney of his log cabin, curling slowly upward in the still October day. It was a scene of peace. There his wife and children waiting his coming for their evening meal, and there was plenty for their needs.

Turning, he looked into the little valley southward. A moving form attracted his attention. It

seemed to be a human figure, bent nearly double, darting quickly back and forth, apparently trying to catch something on the ground. He had seen it before. It was Weshaugan, the old Indian squaw, catching mice for her daily food. Weshaugan, the last of that mysterious race which had chased the deer over those hills; which had, in a crude way, tilled those fields, and had buried their dead within those valleys. Alone, deserted by her kindred, without tribesmen or tribe, she had lived there since the white men came.

He was stirred with pity for the lonely old woman, and went down the hill toward her. She saw him coming, and waited by her wigwam door. "Weshaugan," he said, "the day has yielded me more than plenty, and I am glad that it is so, for I can well spare you some of these birds." She took the two partridges he handed her, saying, "The white man is very kind, the white men have all been kind to Weshaugan. More than once I have been in-

vited, and have taken dinner at the minister's." With a slight show of pride she continued, "Only half a moon ago, I invited the minister and mistress to come to my table. I told them I had caught a nice, fat skunk for roasting, and wished them to taste the cooking of Weshaugan. But the mistress explained that while I might eat at the minister's table, his position would not permit him to eat at mine. White folks have strange fancies."

She walked slowly back and forth before her wigwam for a moment, as though she did not wish the interview to end, and said, "White man, Weshaugan is growing old. The morning will soon dawn when she will not see its sunrise. The harvest moon is near, and at that time, for many generations, my people have told the legend of our tribe in this land, which we called Minnechoag, or Berry Land."

She motioned him to be seated on a shelf of rock that jutted out from a large boulder, and seating her-

self upon a fallen tree trunk, her wigwam at her back, her body swaying slowly backward and forward as the story proceeded, the lone old woman, the last one there of her people, told

“THE LEGEND OF MINNEOLA.”

Prelude

CHAPTER I

Thrice as far away as arrow
Swiftling fleeing from the bow-string
Falls to earth, when sped by hunter,
Northward from my humble wigwam
To the trail of young Waughkegan,
Where he first came down the mountain,
By the trail, and near the water
Known as Minneola's Mirror,
And the valley is the scene laid ;

Where the streamlet northward flowing
Meets the streamlet southward flowing,
Where they meet and marry in the
Rill of Rubic, westward winding
On its journey to the river
Through the elm-tree shaded valley
Half in sunlight half in shadow,
Rubicon the peaceful valley,
Where for ages lived my fathers,
There for ages lies my story.

Minneola

CHAPTER II

In the distant days of past time,
In far moons that are forgotten,
When the men were large of stature,
And the maids were very winsome,
When the deer on every hill-top
Sought their food, and in the streamlets
Quenched their thirst by men unhindered,
When the earth was like day breaking,
Young and fair and full of promise ;

In a land towards the morning,
Where the sun is sooner risen,
And the waste of mighty waters
Stretches far away to heaven,
In that land to eastward lying,
On a night in early summer,
Young Waughkegan, stealthy hunter,
Eldest of his parents' children,
Sleeping in his father's wigwam
With the kindred overflowing,
Dreamed a dream, as young men will dream,
So persuading, and compelling
That he straightway on the morrow
Said adieu to home and kindred ;
Took his trusty bow and arrows,
With high hope eternal springing
In his bosom as he journeyed,
Trailed away towards the sunset.

He had seen himself in vision,
In a fairer land to westward,
On a mountain clothed with verdure,
Looking down into a valley,
Stretching far away as sight went ;
Saw a river southward flowing,
Fed by rills and mountain streamlets,
Saw the tall grass of the meadows
Wave him welcome, stirred by soft winds.
In the dim defiles of forests
Saw the deer herds never frightened
By the hunter's stealthy footsteps.
In a glen beside the red rock,
Saw a hundred warriors standing,



“Saw the tall grass of the meadows
Wave him welcome, stirred by soft winds.”

Plumed and painted for the battle,
Waiting for their chief's appearing ;
Saw himself, The Chieftain, first his
Chieftain's bonnet wearing, standing
As their leader, while the tribesmen
Bending low with deep obeisance,
And with fealty proclaim him
“ Chief Waughkegan, of the valleys,
Chieftain of the mountain region.”
Saw the warriors home returning
From the foray on the foeman,
Bringing wealth of scalps and plunder,
To dream over in the future.

 In the wigwams of the people
Plenty dwelt without excesses,
While the squaws were there contented.
And his sleeping vision, in the
Overflowing wigwam, showed him,
That to grasp the fruits and honors
He desired, he must win them.

CHAPTER III.

Then awaking from his vision,
So enticing and compelling,
Trailed he off towards the sunset,
 Sometimes on the mountain ridges
Where the sunlight loved to linger,
Sometimes in the wooded valleys
Where the summer sunbeams came not,
Seeking on the sunlit mountain,
Or within the sun-hid valleys,
For a place to build his wigwam,
And to better his condition,
Came one evening down the mountain
With the game the day had brought him,



“Came one evening down the mountain
With the game the day had brought him.”

Made his camp as sun was setting
Where the rills of water meeting
Offered him the welcome shelter
Of a great rock from the east wind.

There with month-long journey weary
In his camp beside the streamlet,
Slept Waughkegan through the night-time ;

Waked at morn refreshed, and rising
When the eastern sky was blushing,
While the morning star was shining,
Offered earnest adoration.

“ Oh Thou Manito, The Mighty,
What Thou art we cannot know it,
Cannot comprehend Thy substance ;
Suns and moons and stars, Thou made them,
 Peopled them with unknown peoples,
And they move at Thy commandment.
Men and beasts and birds, Thou made them,
Filled them with strange aspirations,
And their trail is Heaven directed.

What are we, that Thou shouldst tarry
In creations so stupendous,
To hear wayward children crying,
Fretful children in the night time ?

But we feel through all our being
That Thy love directs our footsteps,
And to Thee we daily offer
Love supreme and reverence due Thee.”

Then the morn's repast attended.
On his fire of coals the deer flesh
Broiling, yielded savory odor,
Blending with the scent of pine trees
And the fragrant breath of flowers ;
As he ate the food, with berries,
Gathered by the streamlet flowing,
Quenched his thirst in Rubic's waters,
And walked forth to view the landlie.

Strong was he, and fleet of footstep,
Youth was his, and high his hope was ;
He would rear a tribe of hunters,
They would occupy the valleys,
On the hills would build their wigwams.

Cheerful would the smoke look, rising
In the afternoons of autumn,
When the squaws their fires had lighted,
As the hunters down the mountain
Bringing game, the day had brought them,
Homeward came for rest at night-time,
For the rest their toil had earned them.

All would bend the knee and own him
First among them, Chief Waughkegan.
Hills and valleys were around him,
Plains and meadows stretched before him.



“Hills and valleys were around him,
Plains and meadows stretched before him.”

Deer abounded in the forests,
Quail flew out from every covert ;
Water flowed from springs unfailing
In the cold heart of the mountain ;
Flowed to gladden all the landscape,
And the verdure of the summer,
Clothed the vales and fields with beauty.

On the meadows fell the sunlight,
On the mountain lay the shadows ;
Sunlit meadows, shadowed mountain,
Promise gave of earth's abundance.

All seemed waiting for man's footprints,
All seemed saying, "Welcome, Stranger,
Welcome to the fruits you gather,
Welcome to rewards of labor."

And the freely tendered welcome
Of the meadows and the mountain
Fell upon his lonesome spirit
Like a restful benediction,
While the chieftain's honors thrilled him ;
And the future, bright with promise,
Stood afar and signalled for him
To abide within the valley
For its coming with fruition
Of his hopes and aspirations.
So his quest for home he ended.

On high ground beside the streamlet
Skillfully his wigwam fashioned,
Wrought with love upon the structure,
Very broad and spacious made it,

Made the sides of heart of cedar,
Made the floor of well-smoothed oak wood,
Made a couch of boughs of hemlock,
Benches made of laurel branches,
Made them all with love's sweet labor.

So the shadow of the wigwam,
When the morning sun was shining,
Fell upon the cold spring flowing
Out from underneath the gray rock
In the pleasant vale of Rubic.

CHAPTER IV.

When the wigwam was completed,
And his work of love was ended,
Backward on his trail he journeyed,
Three full days returned he eastward,
By the path he first had blazed there.

 Camped the first night with Walnokim
On the farther side of mountain.

Skilled Walnokim was in making
All the dishes used by women
In their keeping of the wigwams ;
 Jars and cups of clay he made them
Dishes broad and deep he made them,
For the succotash and deer flesh,
For the maize and summer berries.
Two full days and nights he baked them
In his stone cave for an oven,
Baked and glazed them for the women.

 Some made he of soapstone boulders,
Of the smoothly feeling soapstone,
Of the fire-resisting soapstone,
Which the Manito had sent him
In the bosom of a glacier,
In the days when ice and north wind
Froze the heart of all the mountains,
Turned to stone the rills and rivers,
Rent the rocks with icy fingers.

Till the sun and south wind slew them,
Slew the ice and tamed the north wind,
With a touch so soft and gentle
That the rippling rills and streamlets
Laughed aloud among the pebbles,
As they wandered through the valleys,
Clothing all the earth with verdure
In the genial summer weather.

With the true eye and deft fingers
Of a craftsman, wrought Walnokim,
With his clay and on the soapstone
Which the dying glacier left him,
Until all his wares were noted
Far and wide in many wigwams.

All his stores he showed Waughkegan,
From the stores Waughkegan chose him
Many dishes for his new home,
And departing on the morrow,
Gave a deer in barter for them.

Two days more he journeyed eastward
To the great tribe of the Quaboags,
To their village by the river
Through the Quaboag meadows flowing ;
Sought a bride, the fair Ninonah,
Famous as a wigwam keeper,
Wooed and won her, Chieftain's daughter,
While a hundred hunters sought her.

After days of feast and dancing,
By the customs of her people,
All the sweet home ties she severed,
And departed with her husband.

Light the heart of young Waughkegan
As they trailed along the mountain,
As they journeyed through the greenwood,



“Light the heart of young Waughkegan
As they trailed along the mountain,
As they journeyed through the greenwood:”

As he brought his young wife homeward ;
Making camp at every evening,
For the welcome rest of night-time.

Thrice the sun had set and risen,
Thrice the moon rode high in heaven,
Thrice their shadows went before them,
Thrice the shadows trailed behind them.

Each day farther from her old home,
Nearer to her husband's wigwam,
Till on summit of the mountain
Which she christened Mount Waughkegan,
They looked down into the valley.

All the beauties he had seen there
Saw she as by intuition,
All the welcome he'd received there,
Received she in larger measure.

But the summer sun descending
Showed her more than met his vision
When two moons before he viewed it.

Far adown the sloping hill-side
Her eyes, searching for a token,
Lighted on a new made wigwam,
Spacious and with skill constructed,
Saw what she had been expecting,
Wigwam waiting for its keeper,
Quite complete and waiting for her.

In her home beside the river
Through the Quaboag meadows flowing,
They had called her fair Ninonah,
Sweetest of the wigwam keepers.

All the lessons she had learned there
Would she practice in her new home,
And in many ways endeavor
To improve upon the old one.

Pleasant looked the wigwam to her
As the summer sun descending,
Cast its rays between the branches
Of the forest trees around it,
Cast its rays like arrows flashing

Through the forests' leafy branches,
Flecking all the new made surface,
Like the speckled trout she'd captured
When a child in Quaboag's waters.
Thus it was when first she saw it.

Her mind saw the smoke rise from it
In the afternoons of autumn
When her evening fire she kindled,
And her husband homeward coming
From his hunting on the mountain.

He would see the smoke curl upward
In the peaceful autumn evenings,
Promise of the rest awaiting,
In the home her love would make him.

So with love's anticipations
Came they down the sloping hill-side,
By the trail Waughkegan blazed there,
To the place where streamlets meeting
Marry in the rill of Rubic.
In the limpid streamlet flowing
On its journey through the valley,

Rubicon, the peaceful valley,
Lying in the sun and shadow.

To the cabin he had made there,
With its sides of heart of cedar,
With its floor of well smoothed oak-wood,
To the couch and benches waiting.

She stepped first within the wigwam,
Turning then with bashful gesture.
Smiling, loving, bade him enter,
Saying, "Welcome home, Waukegan,
Welcome to my home, my husband."

And the welcome of the meadows,
With the welcome of the mountain,
Touched not heart of young Waughkegan
Like the welcome to his wigwam,
From his bride, the fair Ninonah.

Growing more to love each other,
Thus they entered on their future,
With the wigwam for the center
Of their hopes and aspirations.

CHAPTER V.

All their labor would attend it,
His without, and hers within it.
He would bring the game to keep it,
So the hated wolves of hunger
Never enter to subdue it,
Never even look within it.
She'd prepare the food they needed,
So the dreaded hot-faced fever
Never came to tarry with them,
Or depart with any loved one.

And in all ways keep the wigwam
In the ways that women keep them,
As they're only skilled to keep them.

Thus for many moons she kept it,
Through the days of early summer,
When the beautiful earth-mother
Wears again her robe of blossoms
Painted freely on and over
All the spreading fields and meadows,
As a bride with beads and feathers
Is adorned to meet her husband.

When the chestnut trees in blossom
Clothe the green and sloping hillside
With a wealth of golden color,
Beautiful as evening sunset,
Promising to yield a harvest
Which the children love to gather.

If you wander there in season,
Through the dim defiles of forest,
When the early frosts of autumn
Have laid bare the stored up treasures,
You may gather of their bounty
Till the hands refuse to carry,
Or of gathering you weary.

Through the harvest days of summer,
When in fruitful fields we gather
Burdens from the kindly mother,
Of the food and fruits she brings us,
Through the autumn's frosty mornings,
When the oak trees and the chestnut
Scatter down upon the dry leaves
Stores of nuts by many handfuls,
When they fall upon the dry leaves,
Sounding like the early raindrops
Of the shower upon the wigwam.

Through rare days of Indian summer,
When the swift advancing winter
Seems to tarry in his coming,
With a breath once more of summer.
When the sultry air is laden
With a haze o'er all prevailing,
To those autumn days peculiar,
Days for resting from one's labor,
Days to love the kind earth-mother.

Days when old, disabled hunter
May secure his scant provisions
For the hungry days to follow.

Saw the autumn sun retreating,
Each day farther south retiring,
'Till his breath was not sufficient
To remove the ice-spears hanging
On the hunter's snow bound wigwam.

Then through dreary days of winter,
When the ice-king from the north-land
Lays his cold and freezing fingers
Upon all the painted blossoms
Which like far-off stars have sparkled
In the meadows through the summer.
Saying to the fragrant blossoms
And the grasses, in his cold voice,
“Dead you are and dead must ever
Henceforth be, now and forever.”

When the storm roars through the forest,
Shouting down the frozen hillside,
“Now all living things must perish,
When I and the mighty ice-king
Hold our sway and do our pleasure.”

On the trees he lays his fierce hand,
Giant trees that have defied him
For five hundred moons of winter.

Shakes the sturdy trunks and saplings,
Beats and bends the spreading tree-tops
Till a rain of broken branches,
Making fire-wood for the wigwams,
Falls upon the ice-clad surface
Of the kind earth mother hidden ;
As the acorns fall when ripened
On the yellow leaves of autumn.

Smites the earth with mighty flail strokes,
Till the rocks are rent and broken
By his unrelenting fingers.
Shouts he through the leafless forest,
Roaring through the vales and valleys,
“ Dead all nature lies before me,
Death and darkness rule where I reign.”

But the shouting and the bluster
Of the Ice-king and of North Wind
Kill not everything they threaten,
For a touch of sun and south-wind,
Soft and gentle, but compelling,
Drives them back into the north-land,
Whence they came with such proud boasting,
And the life which they have shouted
Henceforth dead forever would be,
Lives again beneath the influence
Of the summer sun and showers.

So the breath of the Great Spirit
And the sunshine of His Presence
Clothe again the lives we lay down
When the shouting evil spirits
Have proclaimed us dead forever,
Henceforth now and e'en forever.

Since they cannot keep for all time
Over all things the dominion
Which they hold for a brief season.
For the Manito in pity
Compels all the evil spirits
To retire into the darkness
When their scourging is sufficient.
They that hear Him must obey Him.

Through the soft spring days Ninonah,
Sweetest of the wigwam keepers,
Saw the welcome sun returning
From his dreary journey southward,
Bringing forth the birds and blossoms,
From their coverts in the forest ;

Saw the streamlet loose the cold bonds
Which the ice-king laid upon it,
Heard once more its cheerful murmur,
Flowing downward from the warm springs,
Deeply hidden in the mountain,
Heard it singing on its journey
Through the meadows to its marriage
With the Chieftain of the rivers,
Flowing through a larger valley.

Saw the dear earth-mother slowly
Casting off her icy mantle,
Robe herself in garb of spring-time,

Saw the blossoms of the meadows
Rising from the cast-off ashes
Of the lives they lived aforetime ;
By the miracle of nature's
Sweet and wholesome resurrection,
Clothed again in garb more lovely
Than the one that died in autumn.

Saw the dead and naked forest
Clothed again in emerald garments,
Saw the birds their new homes making
In the forest's leafy branches,
Heard again their happy singing
As they wrought at their home building,
Thus their destiny fulfilling.

CHAPTER VI.

So the seasons came and passed on,
Always coming, always going,
And the years, though swiftly passing,
Laid their weight as lightly on her
As the early snow flakes falling ;

Daughters ten and sons eleven
Played around Waughkegan's wigwam,
Caught the minnows in the waters,
Trailed the deer along the meadows,
Grew to youth and manhood quickly.
Quickly made them newer wigwams,
And to other homes were scattered
On the hills and plains around them.

All were gone but Minneola,
Best beloved and youngest daughter.

She remained of all their children,
As they saw old age approaching,
By her youth to scatter sunshine
Through the days and in the dwelling
Where they lived and loved and rested,
When each day of effort ended.

Many moons had set and risen,
Many suns had crossed the heaven,
Many winter's snows the north wind
Whirled and drifted 'round the wigwam,
Many summer's fruits they'd gathered
From the earth's redundant measures,
Many blossoms bloomed and faded,
Many treasures daily gathered,
Tell the tale of their life's journey
In the Rubic's peaceful valley.

When Ninonah, who had given
All the wealth of her affection
For the Chieftain and the children,
Without waiting for Old Age to
Write his name upon her forehead,
Folded up her hands one noontime,
On a dreamy day in autumn,
All her cheerful labor ended.

And a dove to southward passing,
Bore the word to passed-on tribesmen
That Ninonah soon would join them,
Her probation quite completed.

And they laid her so the shadow,
Eastward stretching from the wigwam,
Where the sunbeams loved to linger,
Fell upon her grave at sunset.
Lonely then our Minneola
Kept the wigwam of her father.

Fair was she and very winsome,
And with winsome ways she always
Strove to make her father happy,
All a daughter's duty doing.

Dried the berries that she gathered,
Crushed the maize her father brought her,
Gathered acorns in the autumn,
Dried the flesh of deer and salmon,
Stored them for the winter's eating ;
And in all things kept the wigwam
In the ways her mother taught her ;
And the cool and crystal water,
Flowing through the pool beside her,
In the fragrant time of summer,
Paused awhile to show her, when she
Looked in Minneola's Mirror,
That among the fairest daughters,
She was very fair and winsome.
She, the nearest to her father
Of the children of Ninonah,

So with willing hands and footsteps,
In the skillful ways of women,
She kept there her father's wigwam,
In the ways familiar to him,
In the ways her mother kept it.

Keeping time by new moons hanging
In the western sky at evening,
Till two hundred moons she'd counted
In the western sky low hanging.

And the days with duties laden,
Ran like forest fires behind her.

CHAPTER VII.

In those long forgotten ages
From which legends only reach us,
Sons of Manito, The Spirit
Came to earth and walked upon it,
Came to view and teach the tribesmen
How to use it and subdue it.

When the hunter's moon was shining,
Then their trails to earth descending,
Like the shooting stars of night-time,
Might be often seen at evening
O'er the wide expanse of heaven,
As they came to teach the hunters
How to make the hills and valleys,
How to make the lakes and rivers.
How to make the fields and forests,
Yield them food to stay their hunger,
Yield them raiment for the winter,

How to make the earth a mother,
For their needs and for their pleasure.
And they noticed that men's daughters,
Very fair were, and most winsome.
Is it any cause for wonder
That they tired of living lonesome,
And selected wives among them ?
Happy were the homes they founded,
Plenty dwelt within their wigwams.

On a morn when Minneola
Went to pick the ripe, red berries,
By the Rill of Rubic growing,
Gathering thus her stores for winter,
By some careless footstep loosened,
Rolled a pebble from the hillside,
Fell and splashed into the streamlet.
And the maiden, looking upward,
Looking quickly, saw a young man
On Waughkegan's trail approaching.

Straight was he as any arrow,
Quick was he as any bowstring,
Fairer far than all her brothers ;
And she knew the morning brought him,
And she felt her mother sent him
From the land beyond the sunrise,
From the home of the departed.

Clad in suit of creamy buckskin,
Round his waist a belt of bird claws,
Round his neck a sash of wampum,
On his head a cap of white fur.
A young son from that far country,
Wilamansus, stood before her,
Smiling, saying, “ Minneola,
I have traveled with the morning
From a land beyond the sunrise.



“ And the waters showed her, when she
Looked in Minneola's Mirror,
That among earth's favored daughters,
She was very fair and winsome.”

I have come with haste to meet you,
Quickly I have come to greet you,
And to tell you that I love you.

Fairest far of all men's daughters,
Winsome most of all earth's maidens,
I with haste have come to claim you,
If you kindly will accept me."

And the maiden shyly answered,
While her heart thrilled with emotion,
"If you wish it I am willing
You alone shall be my husband."

Close his arm entwined around her,
Light her head lay on his shoulder,
With a kiss they sealed the transfer
Each forever to the other.
And the streamlet flowing softly
O'er its bed of shining pebbles,
To its marriage with the river
Flowing through a larger valley,
Saw it all and told the swallows
When they came to it to gather
Moistened earth to bind together
The new homes which they were building,
And the swallows told their children,
So to me the children told it,
And so now to you I tell it.

Hand in hand and hearts united,
Home they hastened to the wigwam,
Spacious wigwam of Waughkegan.

But Waughkegan saw them coming,
By the instincts of his nature
Knew the meaning of their coming.

Swiftly then his thoughts ran backward
On the trail his life had followed,
Since he left his father's wigwam,
To a ne'er forgotten evening
When he with his bride Ninonah,
Filled with dreamings of the future,
Trode love's trail there first together.

And the pleasant recollection
Warmed his heart towards his daughter ;
Meeting them without the wigwam,
Thus he answered e'er they asked him :

“ Minneola, when your mother,
Once my bride, the fair Ninonah,
Living daily in our memory,
Passed within the spheres of silence,

Whence no message cometh from her,
Lonely was the wigwam for me,
Lonely were the fields and meadows,
Where together we had wandered
In the pleasant days of summer.

And the evening breezes sighing,
On their way along the mountain,
Never brought to my ears waiting,
Sound of her light footsteps falling.
Lonely looked the stars upon me,
Lonely rode the moon above me,
Many new moons we had counted
Since for me she left the wigwam
Of her father, by the Quaboag ;

But you lightly took the burden
She unwilling left behind her,
And have carried it as kindly
As your mother always bore it ;
So your father has not suffered
In your daily ministrations."

Laying both his hands upon them,
He continued with his answer,
“ Life lays many duties on us
In this world of lights and shadows,
Bearing, rearing, serving, giving,
Ours to-day and yours to-morrow.

Daughter, we have borne you, we have
Reared you ; daily you have served us ;
None could better, or could sweeter,
And we give you to this stranger ;

Such is life through generations.
Only now I earnest pray you,
Leave not yet your father's wigwam ;
Room there is to spare within it,
Very broad and spacious is it,
Now for many moons you've kept it
In the ways your mother kept it ;
In those ways, I pray you, keep it.

And I charge you to remember
Every day will bring the duties
Which that day must see completed,
If we would our way continue
Without dreading the to-morrow."

So they entered in the dwelling,
Making it their home, and in time
Other children, in the sunny
Days of summer, chased each other
In and round Waughkegan's wigwam.

Happy then was Minneola,
Happy in her home and children,
Happy in her home and husband ;
All the days were filled with duties.

Kindness he was always with them,
Patience made her home among them,
Love and Laughter lived beside them,
Plenty dwelt within the wigwam,
And her father was contented.

Wilamansus taught the tribesmen
How to make them suits of buckskin,
How to make of stone their hatchets,
How to tip with stone their arrows ;
How to grind the maize in mortars,
How to lure with bait the fishes,
From the lake of Walamusa,
From the two lakes Walamusa ;
How to drive the deer at mid-day
From the meadows to the mountain,
And entrap them in the runway.

In the glen beside a red rock,
East and southward from the wigwam,
Where the northward flowing streamlet
Springs from earth, and like a fountain,
Flows to gladden all the landscape ;

Quickly there they made a runway,
Only closing it when needed,

So the deer, from meadows feeding,
Might pass through, if hunter willed it,
And become accustomed to it ;
But they fashioned there a fixture,
Nicely balanced a contrivance,
Children partly grown might turn it,
So the deer was quickly captured,
When new stores of food were needed
In the hungry hunter's wigwam.

Many new moons came and passed on,
Peace and plenty, love and duty,
Daily smiled on Minneola.
But the seasons ever passing,
Laid their burdens on her father,
Not as once so lightly carried.



"Many new moons came and passed on,
Peace and plenty, love and duty,
Daily smiled on Minneola."

Age was claiming Chief Waughkegan,
On the morrow after sunset,
In the western sky low hanging,
Would be seen his thousandth new moon.
All his children he would gather
From their homes on nearby hilltops,
From their homes within the valley ;
They would bring the maize and berries,
But the father, Chief Waughkegan,
Would provide the meat for feasting.

CHAPTER VIII.

By the lakes of Walamusa,
In the meadows round the waters,
Underneath the giant elm trees,
Casting far their grateful shelter
When the sun was high in heaven ;
In the meadows at the morning,
When the dew lay on the grasses,
Taking no thought for to-morrow,
So their daily needs were granted,
Browsed the deer in herd contented,
Satisfied if each day brought them
Daily pasturage for seeking.

Wilamansus he had seen them
Only yesterday at evening,
As he came that way from hunting.
On the morning of the feast day
He essayed alone to bring one
From the lakes into the runway.

Chief Waughkegan, old for running,
He would guard the farther outlet ;
Minneola, near the wigwam,
Would attend the trap, as often
She had done in happy past-time ;
So the capture was divided.
Each had part the most congenial,
Each was eager to do the part.

“ I will bring it,” so he boasted,
“ Ere the sun has reached its zenith.”
Then he kissed her as his wont was,
Off he trailed for Walamusa,

Still as straight as any arrow,
Still as quick as any bowstring,
To the lakes called Walamusa,
For the deer which there were feeding.

Minneola swept the wigwam,
Making ready for the feasting.
Set out all the soapstone dishes,
Swept and dusted all the fixtures,
Polished all the sides and benches
Till the floor her face she saw in,
Till the lodge seemed filled with women.

Up the autumn sun ascended
To his highest place in heaven,
When she heard her husband shouting,
Saw him from the meadows coming,
Saw the deer flash by the wigwam,
Running fleetly up the runway.

Down her heart sank with foreboding,
For alas, with wigwam busy,
With the sweeping and preparing

For the feasting, her thoughts wandered,
And the trap she's not attended.
Quickly then she comprehended
There would be no meat for feasting.

Then her husband stood beside her,
Flushed with pride at his endeavor ;
Old Waughkegan heard the shouting,
Homeward hurried from his station.
Meat there would be for the feasting,
When the tribesmen met at evening,
In the longed for celebration
Of their chieftain's thousandth new moon.

Then upon the hills above them,
Free from all their traps and cunning,
Fled the deer in perfect freedom.
And they knew that Minneola
Once had failed to do her duty.

Bitterly they quick concluded
There would be no meat for feasting.

Swift the wrath of Wilamansus ;
Without waiting to consider,
Up he raised his hand and smote her,
Fiercely smote her on the forehead,
Where that morning he had kissed her.

Broken hearted, Minneola,
Bride and wife of her true lover,
After all those kind years together,
Ended thus her sweet life's journey,
By the hand of one she loved much,
By the hand of him who loved her.

Only one sad look she gave him,
To his sense of right appealing,
Without word and without crying,
Down to earth her body shrinking,
Swift her spirit joined her mother's,
And her form to stone slow turning ;



“ Down to earth her body shrinking.
Swift her spirit joined her mother’s,
And her form to stone slow turning,”

While a passing cloud in heaven
Wept the tear drops of good spirits
Who had daily waited on them.

But that day of dread affliction
With the advent of Swift Passion,
Was not ended with one offering ;
For the Great One up in heaven,
Watching all his earthly children,
Saw the act with sore displeasure ;

Seeing it from his high station,
And he straightway hurled an arrow,
Bright as light and swift as lightning,
Through the clear air of the mid-day,
Till it smote the Son of Morning,
Smote him where he smote earth's daughter.
And a stone stood where he had stood,
With a serpent coiled upon it.



“ And a stone stood where he had stood
With a serpent coiled upon it ”

But the spirit of Swift Passion,
There released from the restraining
Hands of Love and kindly Patience,
Wanders hated, feared and homeless,
O'er the earth for ages endless,
Seeking for a habitation
In the hearts that strive to shun him.

Old Waughkegan, by the wigwam,
Looking upward at the moment,
Saw the Hand that hurled the arrow,
Brighter far than many lightnings,
Brighter than the sun at noon-time,
And a shadow fell around him.

Darkness took the place of daylight,
His mid-day was turned to midnight,
And his sightless eyes would never
See his thousandth moon in this life.

Not a son of old Waughkegan
Yet had seen his thousandth new moon,
For the blindness fell upon them,
For their eyes were overshadowed,
If they lived the moons to count them.

But the stone man and stone woman
Have been worshipped by my people.



“ But the stone man and stone woman
Have been worshiped by my people.”

Maids have worshipped Minneola,
Praying her to send a lover.
Men have worshipped Wilamansus,
Praying for success in hunting.
Many maidens have their answer,
Many men were often hungry.

For ten thousand moons unnumbered
In the vale by Rill of Rubic,
Where the streamlet flows to gladden,
And to clothe the earth with verdure.

In that green and pleasant valley,
There those forms have been for ages ;
Earth's fair daughter, once forgetting
Swift to speed her willing footsteps,
All her welcome duty doing ;
Son of Morning, who had given
From his true heart pure devotion,
And in all his earthly journey

Once was lost in dreadful passion ;
Both wait there to be forgiven
At the great and final judgment,
When the hearts intentions govern,
And are measured in the verdict.

CHAPTER IX.

There the tribe remained and prospered,
And with plenty were surrounded ;
But forgot their adorations
To the Manito, Waughkegan
Daily worshipped in his lifetime.

They forgot the Source of blessings,
Of the seasons and the harvests,
Of the sunshine and the showers ;
Each was with himself contented,
And they worshiped many idols.

Then a tribe far in the north-land,
In the cold and cruel north-land,
Driven from their snow-capped wigwams
By the fierce and bitter North Wind,
Seeking for a milder climate
Where they'd fix their habitations,

Moved by tales of shorter winters,
Of fair lands exceeding fertile,
Of vast deer herds, past their counting,
Of the deep and wide sea-water,
And by dreams of endless conquest,
 Turned their footsteps down the valleys
Of the streamlets southward flowing,
Guided by the flowing river,
As it journeyed to the deep sea,
 Came unto the inland water,
Lying then beyond the mountain,
Where the hunters sought the trap-rock
For the axes and the arrows,
Necessary for their uses.

And they camped there for a season,
Levied tribute on the peoples,
All who dwelt within that region ;
For their hearts were cold and cruel
As the country whence they wandered.



“Wilamansus stood before her,
Smiling, saying, Minneola,”



And our tribesmen in the valley,
In the Rubic's peaceful valley,
Heard the story of their prowess,
Of their hard and stern exactions.

How they forced the men to labor,
Drove the women into exile,
Brought the maids within their wigwams,
And their services commanded.
How they banished hope and laughter
From the lodges of the people
Where their hated steps extended.

And the hearts of all the tribesmen,
Filled with sad and dire forebodings,
Where before contentment flourished.

But as yet the inland water,
In the great sea past the mountain,
Kept them from our peaceful valley ;
And we trusted they would never
Look beyond, or seek to cross it,
But the trust was disappointed.

For they made them ships to sail in,
Made canoes from trunks of great trees,
Sailed across the inland water,
Sailed across the sea Hokannum,
And descending yonder mountain,
Came within our own dominions.

Made their camp where now the pale-face
Builds his sturdy habitations,
On the banks of the Great River ;
And oppressed the peaceful people,
Till their hearts were filled with sorrow,
All their days with disappointment,
And their lives with fear and hatred.

In that sore and hard oppression,
They remembered how Waughkegan,
When the morning star was shining,
Offered daily adoration
Unto Him, the Great Protector,
Unto Manito the Spirit.
So they cried aloud to heaven.

For relief from the oppressor.
For return of peace and plenty,
For the happy days of past time.

And the Ear that always listens
Heard and understood their pleading,
For their scourging was sufficient.

Deep down in the trap-rock mountain,
Which held back the sea Hokannum,
There were seeds of dissolution.

And the ages of erosion,
Of the winds and of the winters,
And of Time's relentless fingers,
Forced their way through the foundations
In the deep heart of the mountain,
And awaited His commandment.

On a day in Indian summer,
Day of days, when earth seems sweeter
Than at any other season,

All our people had assembled
On the crest of Mount Waughkegan,
Quite determined to flee eastward,
And escape the stern exactions
Of the hard and cruel Northmen.

From the highest peak of mountain,
They looked backward o'er the home-land,
Where they'd lived and loved and labored,
Where the days of youth they'd squandered,
Where the full fruits of their manhood
They had reaped in by-gone seasons.

Where the ashes of their people
Rested in the sun-hid valleys ;
Where the spirits of their fathers
Loved to come, and sometimes wander
O'er again the trails they'd followed
In the years of their probation.

So they lingered, loath to leave these,
Loath to leave the fragrant meadows
And their happy homes forever.

While they offered adoration,
Rose a zephyr in the forest,
Just a whirling little eddy,
In the shadows of the oak trees,
Somewhere in the deeper shadows.

Whence it started, none could tell them,
Why it started, none imagined.
It was just a little whirlwind,
Starting in among the oak trees,
Such as they had often witnessed
In the days of Indian summer.

And it swept in graceful circles
Past the tribe with their possessions,
Down the mountain's side descending,
Whirling gracefully in circles.

Now a little way on this side,
Then a little way on that side,
Sure and rapidly descending,
Till it reached the spreading meadows,
And swept on across the valley,

Fast toward the Northwest Mountain.
Gaining strength with every movement,
Sweeping everything before it,
Till it grew a mighty torrent,
Black and frightful to the vision,
Weird and awful to the hearing.

Caught the oak trees in its pathway,
Tossed them off to one side, lightly
As a child will toss the dry leaves
Of the forest in his playing.

Onward, swiftly on, its course was,
Leaving trail of wide destruction,
With the roar of many thunders,
With the might of many monsters,
Till it smote the traprock mountain,
Smote it with the fist of Titan
At the place where it was weakest.
Where the ages of erosion,
And of time's relentless fingers,

Found the seeds of dissolution,
And laid bare the deep foundations.

Rent and tossed the rocks, like playthings,
Hurled them far into the distance ;
Made a pathway for the waters
Of the inland sea, Hokannum,
To its marriage with the waters
Of the mighty waste of ocean.

Like a maid, the sea was willing
To be wedded with the ocean,
And embraced by its strong currents.

For the inland life was narrow,
Dull and irksome to its spirit,
And the winds that beat its bosom
Only served to stir the surface,
Without reaching deeply downward
To its hungry heart, and lonesome.

Hungry for the restless motion
Of the tides forever flowing.
Lonesome for the wild commotion

Of the storms on ocean beating.

So it leaped into the pathway,
Made by time and by the whirlwind,
Made by ages of erosion,
And with instinct born of freedom
Ran like wild deer to the wedding.

On the plains below the mountain,
And upon the wide Long Meadow,
Dwelt the hard and cruel Northmen,
Dwelt the tribe of our oppressors.

And they saw their doom approaching,
Saw, but could not flee before it.

Wide and wider spread the horror,
Loud and louder roared the torrent,
High and higher rose the billows,
Sure and surer their destruction.

Filled with sediment the waters,
With the sediment of ages,
Gathered in the sea Hokannum,
And it flowed around their ankles,

Round the knees and to the waist line,
To the breasts and to the shoulders,
Higher yet it flowed around them,
Upward still, and there entombed them.

Hardly left remaining one man
Of the tribe of the oppressors
Of my people, in the old time.

But the waters, soon subsiding,
Left a trail of soil behind them,
Deeper than the tallest hunter,
Filled with graves of crafty Northmen.

If you wander through the valleys,
And will delve among their sand hills,
You may find the bones they left there ;

Some erect with arms extended,
Pointing to the hills of safety,

Some with arms around each other,
Meeting thus their fate together,

Some with bodies early fallen,
Rest recumbent through the seasons.

And the children's bones are with them,
All awaiting there the summons
To the great and final judgment,
When the deeds they did in life-time
Will pass in review before them,
And determine their condition
In the days of the hereafter.

While the footsteps of the ages
Move with measured tread above them.

But the pathway through the mountain,
(Which you call the Holyoke Mountain,)
Where the awful whirlwind smote it,
Still remains a way for waters,
From the snows of bitter winters,
In the far lands to the northward.

Pathway for the flowing river
On its journey to the salt sea.

And the island sea, Hokannum,
(Which your people call Northampton),
Drained away were all its waters.

So its bed is now the dry land,
Where the grass and maize are growing.

On the crest of Mount Waughkegan,
Horror stricken stood our tribesmen,
And beheld the visitation ;
Saw the awful visitation
Of the wrath of the Great Spirit
On the tribe of their oppressors.

And their hearts were filled with wonder,
And with love for their Protector,
Who had wrought the great salvation
From their hard and cruel masters.

So they offered adoration
At the evening, as at morning.

But they fled not to the eastward,
For the dreaded tribe was vanquished ;
Vanquished by an Arm so mighty
That they trembled to recall it,
For they'd seen the visitation.

So returning to their wigwams,
With new purposes established,
They resumed the occupations
By that day thus interrupted.

But they loved the rolling hillside,
Loved the high ground of the mountain,
And were fearful of the meadows.

They were not contented, ever,
Long to dwell upon the low lands,
For the hills received the sunlight,
First at morning, last at evening,
And the floods would not o'erflow them.*

* Geologists agree that at some period in the history of the Connecticut valley, a vast inland sea existed in the vicinity of the present city of Northampton, Mass., retained by the Holyoke range of mountains, through which a passage was finally forced. Excavations made within the present year, and within the past twenty years, below the mountain, have unearthed skeletons, in such unusual positions, as to indicate that they had been submerged in some flood, and buried in the soil which the water contained.

CHAPTER X.

Generations of my fathers
Came and went, and only leaving
Scarce the imprint of their footsteps
On the trail the tribesmen traveled,
Chasing each across earth's surface
As the summer clouds at mid-day
Chase each other in the heavens ;

Swiftly as the fleeting shadows
Follow each across the meadows,
Till they peopled hill and valley.
And the smoke from many wigwams
Oft ascended at the sunset.



“Where those evening fires were kindled,
When the smoke from many wigwams
Oft ascended at the sunset.”



After unrecorded ages
Then unto my father's wigwam,
Unto Chief Waushman's wigwam,
Weshaugan came one morning
When the sun was brightly shining.
Only daughter of my father.
Youngest child of Chief Waushman,
Welcomed was I to his wigwam.

Quickly grew I into girlhood,
Filled with many childish fancies ;
When my father came at evening
From his hunting on the mountain,
Swiftly ran I out to meet him,
Seized his bow and took his arrow,
Strode before him to the wigwam,
I the hunter was, pretending,
Who had caught the game he brought us.



“ Seized his bow and took his arrow,
Strode before him to the wigwam,
I the hunter was, pretending,”



And my father entered into
All my childish pranks and playing,
Never chiding, nor restraining
Aught the flow of my free spirits.

All the lore my mother taught me,
Of the tribes and of the tribesmen,
All the tales of Spirits ranging
On the earth, or heavenward soaring ;
Through the realms of air and water,
Through the realms of earth and nature,
For men's hurt or for their pleasure ;

How the dove o'erhead high flying,
Swiftly passes far to southward,
When the grave receives its tenant,
To inform the passed on tribesmen
That another soul will join them
From the green fields of the homeland,
From the fields they loved in past time ;

How the rainbow arch of heaven
Spanning eastern sky at evening,
Makes a trail for chosen tribesmen,
Over the abyss unfathomed
Into hunter's fields Elysian,
In the home of the hereafter ;

How the crescent moon low hanging
In the western sky at evening,
Shows to any tribesman watching,
Whether 'twill be dry or wet one.

If the lower horn of crescent
Makes a place where Indian hunter
Hangs his bow with entire safety,
With like safety may he journey
Without thought of rain storms falling,
For the moon will be a dry one.

If that horn is earthward turning,
Let him gather fire logs many,
Stray not far away from wigwam,
For the moon will be a wet one.

Taught me all the wigwam legends
Of my people, since Waughkegan
Brought his young bride from the Quaboag ;

And she taught me how to neatly
Keep the wigwam of my father,
Or of any lonesome young man
Who should seek me in the future.

And the season, swiftly passing,
Came and went, nor once delaying,
Writing changes on the faces
Of the fields and of the kindred
I had grown to love and cherish,
Till two hundred moons I'd counted,
Hanging just above the sunset ;

When the sods of yonder hill-side
Hid from me my mother's features,
Then I kept my father's wigwam
In the ways my mother kept it.



“Till two hundred moons I’d counted,
Hanging just above the sunset.”

CHAPTER XI.

Soon the pale-face built their lodges
On the banks along the river,
The Great River, Quinecticut,
And the smoke from those strange cabins,
When their morning fires were kindled,
Filled the valley like a fog cloud,
Floated breeze-borne to the mountain.

Restless, anxious, grew the tribesmen,
With the dread of danger lurking,
In the advent of a stranger,
With new ways and guns of thunder,
Come perchance to seize or hunt on
The inheritance our fathers
Had bequeathed us as our birthright
In the days when they were dying.

Beacon fires upon the mountain,
On the crest of Mount Waughkegan,
Blazed for four nights until midnight,
Lighted by the younger tribesmen.

From the vales and glades and meadows,
From their fishing by the rivers,
From the forests' deep recesses,
On the trails the fathers traveled ;
Through the winding lanes of forest,
On the crest of mountain ridges,
Or along the verdant valleys,

Came the hunters from their hunting,
Came the fishers from their fishing,
Summoned by the fourfold beacon ;

And the harvest moon was shining,
In his place high up in heaven ;

Moon when stores of maize we gather,
For the dreary moons of winter,
When the days of Indian summer
Clothe the hills and meadows, cover

With a haze o'er all prevailing,
Only known in that brief season,
To those autumn days peculiar.

Days for rest and not for striving,
Days for love and not repining,
Rest and love, alas, they come not
At our bidding or our seeking.

All my brothers and the tribesmen,
Knowing well the pale-face wished it,
Ventured to persuade my father,
That he sell the hills and streamlets,
Sell the rills and vales and meadows,
And trail off with them to westward,

Far away towards the sunset,
To a land where game was plenty,
Where the white man had not ventured ;
And my lover was their leader.

Tall was he and quick as bowstring,
Youth was his and hope was glowing.

I had made his suit of buckskin,
Trimmed it with the claws of beaver
He had caught in Beaver Meadow ;

With the feathers from the eagle
He had captured on the mountain,
With the teeth of bear and bison
From the prairies of the sunset ;

With the beads my father gathered
In his trading with the pale-face,
With the skill my mother taught me
I had made and trimmed it for him.

Lingered I to hear his pleading.
Thus he said when all were gathered :

“ Father of the valley tribesmen,
Chieftain of the mountain region ;

Deer are scarce upon the meadows,
Pale-face camps along the rivers,
Room for us and them there is not.
We must either go or they must.

And the time to make decision
Is before the fates compel us.

Wives that once our wigwams brightened
With their cheerful ways and kindly,
Now are silent with foreboding,
And their fires are dull at evening.

In the place of shouts and laughter,
And the happy childhood voices,
Now we hear the children crying
When they see the hunters coming
Empty handed down the mountain ;

For the hated wolves of hunger
Often look within the wigwams,
And our hearts are sore and saddened
By complaining wives and children,
When we have no meat for eating ;

And the lakes of Walamusa
Yield not fish as once for catching ;

All the voices we hear calling,
Voices are of want and weeping,
And our lives are wearied with them.

High upon the mountain ledges,
Where we look in vain for traces
Of the game on trails abandoned ;
Down along the lakelet's beaches,
When we vainly seek for fishes,
In the waters once prolific ;

Whether on the mountain ridges,
Or by Walamusa's waters,
Or upon the trails abandoned,
Comes a voice with note of welcome,
Borne to us on every west wind,

Bringing urgent invitation
To forget the days behind us,
And push onward to the westward,
To a home where lieth plenty ;
In the land towards the sunset,
Where the beacon lights are shining,
Lighting up an open pathway
To a better life in future.

We have seen the sun at evening
Slowly sinking to his setting,
Painting all the clouds above him
Tints of red and gray and golden.
We have felt that every sunset,
With its thousand streaming fingers,
Was a beacon set to guide us,
Rays of light the way to light us.

Golden waits the future for us,
In a land that beckons to us ;
'These have wrought the spell upon us.
Off to trail and leave behind us
All these wornout scenes and pastures.

As Waughkegan, westward trailing,
In the days that are forgotten,
When the earth was in its morning,
Found conditions here which pleased him
We will take his course abandoned,
And in newer fields of effort
Seek to better our condition.

Land alone without the deer herds,
Will not shelter or support us.
If we linger here we perish.
When the pale-face comes to purchase,
Sell the land, we humbly pray you,
Give to each of us his portion,
And to other homes we'll hasten."

CHAPTER XII.

Then my father, Chief Waushman,
Chieftain of the mountain region,
Thus addressed them, " Sons and tribesmen,
You have spoken well and wisely.
If my eyes as bright as once were,
If my footsteps light as once were,
If my years as few as once were,
I would lead you on your journey,
I would lead to that far country.

But the moons will not turn backward,
Time runs ever swiftly forward,
Always winter follows summer,
And my moons are almost numbered.

Coming here from whence I know not,
Going hence to place I know not.

Asked not if I would or would not,
Told not why it was or why not,
Here in careless youth my footsteps
Entered on my earthly journey ;
With the slightest knowledge only,
Of the way that lay before me ;
Working out each day and daily,
Problems which each day presented.

Now the end is fast approaching.
On a path into the darkness,
Messenger to land I know not,
On the trail my fathers traveled,
My unwilling feet will bear me ;

Soon a weary, wornout hunter,
Without either bow or arrow,
Without weapons, without wampum,
Helpless as the world first saw me,
Sightless to my destination,

On remote and shining planet,
Stately marching through the distance,

Which I oft have watched with wonder,
Of the Master Mind that made it.
And through paths of space directs it.
Paths so vast that minds of mortals
Cannot know or comprehend it,
Cannot measure or conceive it,

There to enter the condition
For which lifetime of probation
In this world of change was granted

To prepare me there to enter ;
And abide with One who knoweth
All the trials and temptations,
All the hopes and expectations,
All the aims and aspirations,
Of the souls of sinful mortals.

I can almost hear the footsteps
Of the messenger to call me,
And I know that I must meet him,
Soon somewhere alone shall meet him,
Where the pathway of the present

Ends in pathway to the future,
On the trail to the hereafter.

Trusting only He will lead me
Through the green and pleasant valleys,
Or upon high Arch of Heaven,
Unto hunters' fields Elysian ;

There to take the place assigned me,
Where the tribes of men will gather
In the home of the hereafter ;
Thus the bonds of earth to sever
In the land of the forever.

Hope alone lights up a beacon,
That some loved one there is waiting
To extend a hand of welcome,
With a well-remembered greeting,
And direct my way-worn footsteps
To the Happy Habitations."

Bury not with my abandoned,
Wornout tenement, and worthless,

Any tokens of affection
Which you might yourselves have shown me,
When I needed brave, bright words to
Hold my heart up to its duty,
In some time of disappointment,
When the light of life seemed fading,
And you came not to my rescue.

For a gift of smallest flower,
From the forest's dark recesses,
Of more value in one's lifetime,
To man's lonely, anxious spirit,
Than the blossoms of the meadows
Heaped upon its senseless casket.

Wasted are such testimonies,
For "TOO LATE" is stamped upon them,
And the eyes you might have brightened
See not in the silent darkness,
Whither all mankind are going.
And the ears, grown dull with waiting,
Nevermore will hear the music
Of the song you might have sung them.

Here Waughkegan built his wigwam,
When the earth was in its morning,
Here Waushuman will be waiting
For the summons. Soon 'tis coming.
When the pale-face comes to-morrow,
Then to them I sell the home land,
Only for my use reserving
Fish that swim in Walamusa
And the streams that flow to southward ;
Deer that feed on Mount Waughkegan,
And the hills and vales adjacent."

Then my lover came to meet me,
With his outstretched hand, and saying,
"Weshaugan, I have wooed you,
And I love you. Go you with us?"

But I answered, " Since my mother
Folded up her hands one sunset,
Since my father felt the blindness

Daily growing deeper on him,
I have kept his lonely wigwam,
As my mother always kept it.
While he needs me, I will keep it."

Then to me the young man answered,
" Ere a hundred moons have risen,
In the western sky at evening,
Or six summer's suns are followed
By the autumn's frosty mornings,
From our new and spacious wigwam,
From a home where plenty dwelleth,
In the pleasant land of sunset,
I will quickly come to claim you,
Fair and winsome Weshaugan."
And he kissed me for the first time.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the morning of the morrow,
When the sun was high in heaven,
Through the valley came the pale-face,
Slow and stately, like trees walking,
In some tribal grand procession.

 Came the many like as one man.
Moving with the power of many,
Came they onward to the forest.

On their heads were hats like pine cones,
Broad brims spreading like the mushrooms,
Clothed their bodies were in home-spun,
Which their women deftly wove them.

On their feet were shoes of cow-skin,
Hard to wear and hard to walk in,
But of value for protection.

Round their waists were belts of ox-hide,
Bullet pouches thence suspended.
Carved was every horn of powder,
By the side of each man hanging,
And on every sturdy shoulder,
Slanting lay their deadly muskets,
Feared and dreaded by my people.

All their faces were full bearded,
Nourished well were all their bodies,
Not a sign of weakness on them,
Not a claw of bear or beaver,
Not of bird or fowl a feather,
Not of paint the slightest token,
To adorn their somber clothing,
To entice the heart of maiden ;
Or make sad the heart of rival
With a showing of their prowess.

Not thus strides the Indian hunter
In pursuit of game or foeman,
For with stealthy, fox-like footsteps
Steals he softly through the forest,
Treading not on bush or dry branch,
Stirring not the leaves he walks on,

Lest the crackle of the branches
Or the rustle of the dry leaves
Startle that for which he seeketh ;
Sends the red deer through the forest,
So his arrow scarce o'ertakes it
But to wound and not disable ;

Sends the game beyond his bow-shot,
So his arrow cannot reach it.
And the trail he still must follow,
Warns the foeman to be wary,
Or his life may pay the forfeit.

When the pale-face reached the forest,
Off they flung their horns of powder,
Laid aside their trusty muskets,
Which could speak with voice of thunder,
Which could light a flash of lightning,
Which could fling a leaden pellet

Swifter far than any arrow,
Farther far than any bowstring,
Truer far than Indian hunter,
Till it caught the red deer running,
Till it overtook and slew him.

So without their dreaded weapons,
Only with their unknown writing,
Marched they on into the forest,
Came they to Waushuman's wigwam
At the foot of Mount Waughkegan.

And their footsteps all at one time
Smote upon the sounding hill-side,
Till the kind earth seemed to tremble,
Shrinking from unwelcome strangers.

So with pomp and pride of numbers,
So with craft and wiles of hunters,
Came they all into the council,
Sat them down in semi-circles,

On the one side bearded pale-face,
On the other, Indian hunters.

And my father sat between them
At the far side of the circle,

I stood by him to apprise him,
And assist his failing eyesight.
Brought the Peace Pipe from its covert,
In the heart of oak tree hidden,
Placed a live coal deftly in it,

Passed it round to every member,
As they sat there without speaking,
Till the fragrant odor, filling
All their senses with contentment,
Overspread the silent council.



“Brought the Peace Pipe from its covert
In the heart of oak tree hidden.”

Then the pale-face chieftain, standing
By his seat within the circle,
From his breast produced the writing,
Thus addressed the Indian chieftain
And the tribesmen waiting by him :

“ Brothers, from afar we’ve traveled,
Come from far across the ocean,
On that mighty waste of waters
Many moons we sailed across them ;
While the great canoe that bore us
Tossed for days on waves around us,
High as mountains, deep as valleys,
Threatening often to engulf us.

But we held our course to westward,
Trusting that the Manito we
Worshipped, safe would bring us through the
Billows. Safely thus he brought us
To the Chieftdom of Waushman,
By the mountains of Waughkegan.

And our purpose is thus stated :
We would till the hills and meadows,
We would cultivate the valleys,
We would prune the groves and forests
And subdue them to our uses,
Till the land will feed a hundred
Where but one the Indian feedeth.

We would tell benighted heathen
Of a day in distant past-time
When the Son of the Great Spirit,
He, the first to break the fetters
Which the enemy of all men
Lays upon them all in due time ;

Risen from the death that claimed Him,
Bade us teach to every nation
The redemption He had purchased
For their souls from wrongs committed,
For their trespasses and sinning,
For the deeds done in the body ;

How the Manito restores them
To that once pure state in Eden
Which was lost through wiles of Tempter ;

How the Manito forgives them
And a place prepares in heaven
For the souls His Son has quickened.

We might come to you with muskets,
Spouting fire and leaden bullets,
With the sound of many thunders
To compel your acquiescence.

But we come with strings of Wampum,
Come with beads and cloth and feathers,
We have smoked the Peace Pipe with you.
And our purpose is by purchase
To secure the lands we covet,
Which no longer will support you."

CHAPTER XIV.

And the Chief Waushuman answered,
“ Brothers of the bearded faces,
We have listened to your purpose,
Skillfully and justly stated.

It is true that Indian hunter
Cannot till the land he loveth,
Cannot cultivate the valleys,
Cannot make the hills and meadows
Yield him food to stay his hunger,
Yield him raiment for the winter,
Cannot till the earth as you can ;

But must have wide fields to roam in,
Forests deep to trail and hunt in,
Or the game will grow too wary,
And the hunger seize upon him.

All around, our fathers' ashes
Fill uncounted graves in this land ;
All around, our fathers' footprints
Rest on every tuft and hillock,
And the trails we daily follow,
All were beaten by their footsteps.

Here our happy days of childhood
Ran away too quickly from us.
Here in early youth was taught us
All the wiles of game and hunters.
Here the moons of manhood found us,
Each day striving for conditions
Better than in days departed.

All the dear associations
Of our lives lie here around us.

All the hopes and aspirations
Of our youth come up before us ;
But we cannot live on these things,

And must seek in deeper forests
For the game that's here denied us.

Go I cannot, and my daughter
Stays to be the eyes I have not,
Till I cross to fields Elysian
On the rainbow arch of heaven.

Bring the Writing, I will sign it,
While my hand my daughter guideth,
And the tribesmen also wish it."

Then the chieftain of the pale-face
Laid the writing out before him,
Spread it out before Waushman,
Chieftain of the mountain region.

With the ink the pen was nourished,
While I placed it in his fingers,
And his hand unseeing guided
As "his mark" upon the Writing
Broad and clear and true he made it;
Unrevocable he made it,
And the tribesmen all were witness.

But my heart was sad and weeping
With forebodings of the future.

I had seen them in a vision
Trailing westward, few and feeble,
Cold and hungry, wet and lonely,
On the bleak and barren hill-sides,
On the wind-swept mountain ridges,
Through the swamps and vales and marshes.

Crossing rivers swiftly running,
Saw canoes capsized in mid-stream,
And some lost in deepest waters.
Saw the hot-faced fever, trailing
Swift or slow, but always with them,
And some left along the wayside.

Saw them meeting tribes much larger,
Meeting other tribes much fiercer,
Saw them fighting for a passage
Through the forests of the foemen ;
Saw the young men falling, filling

Unmarked graves within the forest ;
Saw the old men take the places
Of the fallen in the battle,
Soon to fall themselves, in other
Unremembered graves and places.

Saw the women, maids and children
Scattered to the winds of heaven,
So I lost them in my vision.

Then they asked the Chief Waushman
High to hold his hand to heaven,
And affirm by the Great Spirit
He without compulsion signed it.

“ No,” my father answered, quickly,
“ Chieftain’s word needs no attesting,
And the Indian swears not by the
Manito, the One Great Spirit,
Who hath made and fed and keeps him ;
Neither by His messengers nor
By the angels that attend Him,

Who, His messages receiving,
Bear them far on wings, the lightning
Cannot even overtake them ;
Unto stars, or worlds emerging
From the chaos which has ruled them,
And with darkness overspread them,
An eternity of ages.

Waiting patiently the coming
Of the angel with His message,
That the Light shall conquer darkness,
And lost worlds shall take their places
In the stately concourse, moving
Through the realms of space so distant.

We can never comprehend it,
Cannot even estimate it.
Speculation lost and speechless
Stands before the mystery of it.

We the deed have signed it freely,
Yours the land by rightful purchase.

Soon the tribe begins the journey

Leading them to that far country,
On a trail their dreams have shown them,
Which the sun of evening lighteth
With a beacon from the sunset.

Only I and Weshaugan
Will remain a few moons longer,
Till the Manito shall call me,
Till the lover comes to take her
To a new home in the future.

Comrades we have been in past-time,
Comrades we will be till parted."

CHAPTER XV.

When the deed was executed
And the purchase price divided,
All the tribe were much elated.
Swift the hunters formed a circle,
Round the Chief and bearded pale-face,
 Hand clasped hand with nearest tribesman,
Knee touched knee, and in the Glad Dance
Swiftly round the circle whirled they,
Footsteps falling all at one time,
Arms upraised and quickly falling,
Keeping time with flying footsteps ;
 Voices calling in full concert,
Voices chanting in the glad dance
Words remembered from the fathers.

“ We will take the trail to westward,
Beacon lighted by the sunset,
We will make us newer wigwams
In the sunlit land of promise.”
While their eyes shone with a gladness
Like the sunshine in the morning.

All the squaws and children gathered
On the outside of the circle,
While the maids cheered on the young men,
Chanting with them in the chorus.

And the pale-faced, bearded strangers
Looked with eyes both keen and kindly.
As the mothers watch their children
Playing in the summer evenings ;

But the kind earth-mother shuddered
And shrank from their joyous footsteps.

Thus the Chieftain and my people
Sold the hills and rills and rivers,
Sold the dales and vales and meadows,

Sold the lakes and fields and forests,
Sold the deer and bear and beaver,
Sold the ashes of their fathers,
Sold the mountains of Waughkegan,
 Sold them for some strings of wampum,
Sold them for some beads and feathers,
Sold them for a "Mess of Pottage."

 As your minister was reading
Only yesterday at evening,
From his Great Book of Creation,
From those legends of the past-time,
 How the hungry hunter, Esau,
Sold the birth-right to his brother,
With more thought of present pleasure
Than the gift of God the Father.

 Then the squaws a feast provided,
Laid it out before the strangers
Laid it out to every tribesman,
While I waited on Waushuman.

Feast of deer flesh and of berries,
Feast of maize and early acorns,
Fish from lakes of Walamusa,
Quail from mountains of Waughkegan.

Set it out in soapstone dishes
From the quarries of Walnokim,
From the ovens where he baked them,
In the unrecorded ages
When the Chieftain, old Waughkegan,
Gave a deer in barter for them.

Set a feast before the council,
Of the best their stores afforded.
None went hungry from the feasting,
And I passed again the Peace Pipe.



“None went hungry from the feasting
And I passed again the Peace Pipe.”

Then the bearded strangers, forming
Into ranks as in the morning
Strode away, each footstep falling
Where the footsteps of the others
Had just left the grass up-springing ;

And the cadence of their foot-falls
Sounding on the verdant hill-side,
Seemed to me to be repeating,
“ Now, by just and lawful purchase,
We are masters of the chieftdom
Of the mountains of Waughkegan.

And the dear earth knew its master.

CHAPTER XVI.

Soon the tribesmen with their deer flesh.
With their stores of maize and berries,
With their wigwams and their wampum,
Filled with dreamings of the future,
Trailed away toward the sunset.

I went with them to the river,
To the great stream southward flowing,
Broad Quinecticut, the river
Flowing through the wide, long meadow.

And the mists of morning lying
White and still upon the water,
Overlaid the flowing river,
So the farther shore we saw not,
 As the old men with their paddles,
As the young men with their weapons,
As the women, maids and children,
Filled the bark canoes they'd gathered
For the passage of the river.

Saw them push their boats from this shore,
Heard their keels grate on the sandbar,
Saw their dripping paddles dipping
In the deep, dark water flowing,

Saw them slowly slipping, slipping,
From my fog enshrouded vision,
As they glided from the homeland,
Glided out upon the river.
Passed within the mists of morning,
Vanished far from me forever.

But a voice came from the fog-cloud,
True and strong, a voice I loved well,
Saying, "Winsome Weshaugan,
I will quickly come to claim you."

And my heart went with the tribesmen,
But my eyes looked not to westward,
And my feet touched not the waters.



“ But my eyes looked not to westward
And my feet touched not the waters.”

So returning to my father,
Day by day I kept his wigwam.
Daily grew his footsteps feebler,
Daily grew his darkness deeper,

As the inheritance entailed
On all sons of old Waughkegan,
For once looking on the shining
Hand of Manito the Mighty,
Slowly, surely came upon him.

And the days ran swiftly by me.

Half a hundred moons had risen
For their race across the heaven,
And four summers' suns were followed
By the autumn's frosty mornings ;

When, on sultry summer evening,
While the sky was black as night-time,
And the clouds rolled up like mountains,
And the thunder shook the wigwam,
And the oak was lightning-smitten,
And the rock-crowned hills seemed riven
By the arrows flashed from heaven,
And the rain in floods descending,
And the rill a river flowing,

Then my father, Blind Waushman,
Chieftain of the mountain region,
On his couch lay, and I watching,
Footsteps heard of Wilamansus

Swift approaching on the mountain,
All unbidden and unwelcome,
Heard him coming, as for all men.

Footsteps heard without the cabin,
Round and round the wigwam passing,
And I heard, but saw not, someone
Entering within the doorway,
Without asking for permission ;
Stop beside the dying chieftain.

And my father heard the footsteps,
Smiled the visitor a welcome,
Folded up his hands at midnight,
And departed with the stranger.

Then, the storm to eastward passing,
While the lightning lit the forest,
And a dove flew through the tree-tops,
By the lightning's flash I saw it.

By the lightning's light I laid him,
So the shadow of the wigwam
Fell upon his grave at sunset.
Lonely then I kept the wigwam,
Whence my father had departed.

Sometimes since, on Mount Waughkegan,
Often since, on Wigwam hill-top,



“Sometimes since on Mount Waughkegan,
Often since on Wigwam Hilltop ”

Sometimes since, on Mount Waughkegan,
Often since, on Wigwam hill-top,
While the dew lay on the meadows,
When the shadows pointed westward,
As the shadows turned to northward,
Till the shadows lengthened eastward,
Till they vanished in the darkness,

I have waited for the young man
In the buckskin suit I made him,
Who had kissed me on the forehead,
Who but only once had kissed me,
Coming from the west to claim me,

Saying, "I have wooed you, and I
Love you, winsome Weshaugan ;
Quickly have I come to claim you,
Come to take you to our wigwam,
In the pleasant land of sunset."

But he comes not, and to-morrow
I shall see my thousandth new moon.



“ But he comes not and to-morrow
I shall see my thousandth new moon.”

CHAPTER XVII.

So the tale of Weshaugan,
Of the Indian squaw was ended.

When she dieth no man knoweth,
Where she lieth no man knoweth.
Of that vanished race the last one.

Vanished like the shapes of dreamland,
Vanished like the forms of cloud-land,
Vanished like the deer and hunter,
From the hills and rills of homeland,
From the haunts and jaunts of tribesmen ;

Took the trail to join the young man
In the buckskin suit she made him,
Waiting for her in the new land,
In the fields beyond the sunset,
On the hills above the twilight,
In the home of the hereafter.

Weshaugan ! Weshaugan !
Thrice a thousand moons have risen
Since you heard the voice of duty
Sounding in your heart from heaven ;
 Since you stifled love and longing,
Since you slew desire, ambition,
And became a household angel
Unto one of earth's afflicted ;
And the action is recorded.

When the seals of time are broken,
And the Great Book lies wide open,
And the deeds of earth are spoken,
We may hear the Herald calling,
“Come up higher ! Come up higher !
 Weshaugan ! Weshaugan !”



“Weshaugan! Weshaugan!
Thrice a thousand moons have risen”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Not all dream or flight of fancy
Of a mind that sees but darkly
Through the mists of years swift passing,
 But a tale of life and living,
When the heaven sent voice of duty,
Louder called than love's sweet singing
In the hearts of some, whose footprints
Linger still upon the mountain,
 Oft are found within the valleys.

For in springtime, ploughman sometimes,
As he thrusts his shining plowshare
Deep into the valley's bosom,
Turning thus his lengthening furrow
Through the fallow fields of autumn,
Moved to labor by self interest,

Hoping he may reap a harvest
Equal to his own ambition,
Brings to view the old fire places,
Smoke encrusted stones in circles,
With some fagots yet remaining,
Many ashes still adhering,
Where those evening fires were kindled,
When the smoke from many wigwams
Oft ascended at the sunset ;

Brings to view, and men may gather,
Arrow heads of flint and jasper,
Hoes and hatchets from the trap rock,
Which the northwest mountain gave them,
Dishes from the soapstone boulders
Which the glacier dead bequeathed them ;
Which that scarce remembered people,
Who have lived and loved and died here,
Who here wrought with skill the weapons,
And much cunning toil, utensils
Necessary for their uses.

All remind us of the presence
In the half forgotten ages
Of another race of people
Who have walked and talked and wrought here.

Going hence, have left behind them
These, their many footprints, scattered
Over every hill and valley,
Through all the land we call our own.

These again the shining plowshare
Brings once more into the sunlight.

Time has laid his fingers on them
In the effort to subdue them,
Time relentless still pursues them.

Relics of the past we call them,
Voices from the past, they serve to
Tell us o'er again the story
Of the days that have departed.

CHAPTER XIX.

There to-day the merry maidens
Chase the butterflies, or shadows
Of the summer clouds swift passing
Over all the grass-grown by-ways,
Now for many years abandoned,
Of the ancient Meeting House Lane,
Where in half forgotten ages
Children of the vanished races
Played around their fathers' wigwams,
 Trailed the quail along the ridges,
Caught the minnows in the waters,
Chased the butterflies or shadows.



“There to-day the merry maidens
Chase the butterflies or shadows.”

Where in later times the fathers
With severe and sombre faces,
Trod the way up to their Zion,
On each Sabbath day returning ;
 Burning with a zeal heroic
To present the heathen peoples,
Clad in garments of their fitting,
At the altar of the Father.

CHAPTER XX.

There to-day the youthful farmer,
Waiting while his eager cattle
Quench their thirst within the streamlet,
Flowing as in days departed
Through the green and fragrant meadows,
Past the remnants of the wigwam
Of the " Old Squaw " Weshaugan,
Lying in the sun and shadow,
Where the tribesmen oft assembled ;
Seeth not the swift shapes flitting
On and over hill and valley ;



“ There to-day the youthful farmer
Waiting while his eager cattle ”

Spirit shapes, returned to visit
Earthly scenes they loved, and silent
Passing round the wasted ruins
Of that ancient habitation ;
Heareth not the stealthy footsteps
Which in distant days once followed
All the old trails on the mountain ;

Or the voices which have sounded
Through the winding lanes of forest,
And along the verdant valleys,
Or upon the rock-strewn hillside ;

Heedeth not the absent peoples,
With their hopes and loves and dreaming,
Who there strove with earth, reluctant
To obtain their scant subsistence,
And to-day are sweetly sleeping,
Peacefully and soundly sleeping,
Safe within earth's kindly bosom.

CHAPTER XXI.

Still the streamlet northward flowing,
Meets the streamlet southward flowing,
Still they marry in the rill of
Rubic, winding through the valley,
Half in sunlight, half in shadow,
Rubicon, the peaceful valley.

There the men and maidens strolling,
Without purpose, idly straying,
Meet by chance with some shy greeting,
As they met in by-gone ages,
And together careless wander
On the trail Waughkegan traveled,
Many thousand moons departed.

Still they gather ripe, red berries,
Which along the trail are growing,
Still the sweetest maidens answer
When their lovers come to ask them,
As that Indian maiden answered,

“If you wish it I am willing

You alone shall be my husband.”

But the form of Minneola,
Fairest daughter of her father,
And the form of Wilamansus,
Straight as arrow, quick as bowstring,

We may see them in the valley,
When the sun has set his beacon,
With its thousand streaming fingers,
And the new moon is low hanging
In the western sky at evening,
And we dream of days in past-time,
Of the yesterday's departed.



PEACE PIPE.

Gather all the waring peoples,
Pass the Peace Pipe round the circle,
Slay the spirit of Swift Passion,
Till sweet faith and love fraternal,
Fill the place that hate infernal
Fills in hearts of sinful mortals.

Hastening in the reign triumphant,
Of the Prince of Peace benignant.

THE END.

The Parson's Rose

Explanation

In 1741, Rev. Noah Merrick was ordained and settled as the first Pastor over the fourth precinct of Springfield, now Wilbraham, Mass. In 1744, he married Abigail Brainard, of Haddam, Conn. On their journey on horseback to his parish she carried a slip of a rose bush from her old home, and set it out by the new one. It was of a vigorous kind, and thrived. Many slips were taken from it, and some are still in existence.

The story was first told me when a child, by my great aunt, who, in her youth was a near neighbor of Mrs. Merrick, and knew her well.

A slip from the bush is growing by Mrs. Merrick's grave, set there by her granddaughter of the fourth generation.

The Harson's Rose

Far, far away, in the dear old days,
The almost forgotten days of yore,
A maiden stood by the meeting ways
Of the streamlet and the river's shore.

Her heart was his who was riding down
From the Precinct where he preached God's will,
To bear her a bride, from Haddam town,
To his parish home on Wigwam Hill.

On stores of clothing and linen, long
She had wrought her love in thoughtful ways;
The wheel and shuttle had sung their song
In her happy home through the summer days.

The wheel and reel and reeds of the loom
 Did well their work by her swift hands sped,
While dreaming dreams of her parish home
 With her Parson lover when she wed.

The wheel and distaff of native woods,
 The loom and shuttle and home-made reel,
With stores of blankets and household goods
 Were laid aside with the spinning wheel.

Her work completed and safely packed
 For the journey, she could only wait
Till o'er trail where hunter his game had tracked,
 Her lover should come to her father's gate.

Oh, why will the maidens leave the homes
 Where the kindred and their parents dwell,
To go with lover whene'er he comes
 To ring the chimes on the wedding bell ;

To join in the stir and stress of life,
 To engage in work which is never done ;
Ask you why the world is rent with strife,
 Or the flame ascends to meet the sun ?

A horseman riding since break of day
 Over the hills and under the lea,
On woodland trail and the King's highway,
 With blithsome song in his heart rode he.

He heard the note of the forest birds,
 As they told again their tales of love,
In a language with no need of words,
 Swinging aloft in the trees above.

They told of homes their love would create,
 In shady boughs of the tree top's dome,
How each would labor for one true mate,
 And their young would sing in days to come.

So the lover came on his own good steed,
At evening came as the sun went down,
Came in a day, for he rode with speed,
To marry his bride in Haddam town.

The minister came, the same good man
Whose hand was laid on her baby head ;
With the Lord's baptism her life began,
And again as then a prayer was said.

Few indeed were the words he spoke,
Scarcely enough, it would sometimes seem,
To bind the vine to the sturdy oak,
Or merge such lives in a larger stream.

To love, to cherish, trust, or obey,
What matter which in the stress of years
Through which the trail for their footsteps lay,
With toil encumbered, and care that sears.

A rose bush grew by her father's door,
A wide spread bush, bearing wealth of bloom ;
It had blossomed there from days of yore,
And filled the house with a sweet perfume.

From it she took a generous store
Of slips to plant by her new home's ways,
To call to her mind forevermore,
The old home life of her girlhood days.

They would bring to her with sweet perfume,
So like a breath from the dear old home,
A breath from home in the days of June,
To brighten the lonely days to come.

The sun was painting the eastern sky
With the rose red hue of breaking day,
As they rode from her home the trail to try
Of forest path and the King's highway.

She had dreamed of days that lay before,
 The home she would make was in her mind,
And the rose bush blooming by her door
 Would link her life with the home behind.

On her own horse she the loved slips bore
 Throughout that ride on the hunter's trail,
With her own hands set them by the door
 Of the parish house above the vale.

They grew and thrived in the mountain soil,
 That damask rose from the old home dear ;
Many fold repaid her loving toil,
 And the neighbors sought them far and near.

She gave to all with a generous hand,
 To all who came and a rootlet chose,
Till the slips were set through all that land,
 And came to be called "The Parson's Rose."

They bloomed and thrived for many a year,
Sweet perfume bringing to other homes ;
Her thoughtful act is remembered there,
Forgotten the Parson's sermon tomes.

The seasons came and the swift years sped,
And the roses bloomed around her door,
With a fragrance sweet as when she wed
In the scarce remembered days of yore.

The seasons come and the seasons go,
They will lay stern hands upon us all,
And the smallest work we thoughtless do
Will sometimes stand when our great works fall.

Those stores of linen and household goods,
The moths have eaten them long ago ;
The wheel and distaff of home-made woods
Have hushed their song in the homes below.

Parson and bride we shall see no more,
 They have long been gone from Wigwam Hill,
But fragrant blossoms from slips she bore
 Of "The Parson's Rose," we find them still.

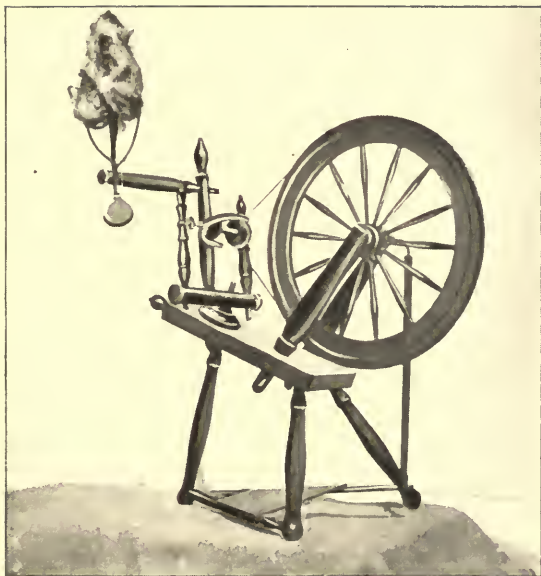
Bloom on, ye roses from Haddam town,
 And stir our hearts with the old home love ;
Days await us when deeds we have done
 Will all be counted somewhere above.

A day and a deed in a world of strife,
 May stir some heart with the will to try ;
May kindle a light in some dark life,
 Or lift a soul to the Mansions High.

Throw the bird a crumb when the snow flakes fall,
 Give a dog a bone on a winter's day,
Heed the cry of pain, and of want the call,
 And wealth shall be thine to bear away.

A word to brighten the lives of some,
A hand extended when others fail,
A red rose given or kind act done,
May reach from earth to within the veil.

So may some of the deeds we have wrought,
When our day of life draws near its close,
Bring to our minds as fragrant a thought,
As the young bride planting the Old Home Rose.



THE END.



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